

Compositions
MOJO MANUAL

Name

125

School

Grade

The Book of Spirits
NOTEBOOK (1)

- 9 3/4" x 7 1/2"
- 247mm x 190mm
- 100 sheets

STAPLES

November 2008

CONTENTS

1 Books, Texts, Journals Considered to be brought
with me should I escape from Dirty Jersey

2 MOJO MANUAL #125

3 The Final Mojo Manual 25

4 THE BOOK OF SPIRITS

5 Planet of the Mojos 67

6 NOTEBOOK (1) of 1 and only 1

7 CULTIVATING HAPPINESS 134

8 November 2008

2008.11.05

73

*

Most of the material I've written will be stored in Freehold, most likely locked - giving mom keys. Some will be boxed to be mailed - to be decided in December.

* [Mom will have keys to unlock my "box of secrets".

This will be a liberating experience, for this is what it takes to break out of the matrix I am caught in. I am saying no, to CPC, Monmouth County, and the "choices" on where I to get evicted from next. I wonder what I would become were I to remain in the Asbury Park area.

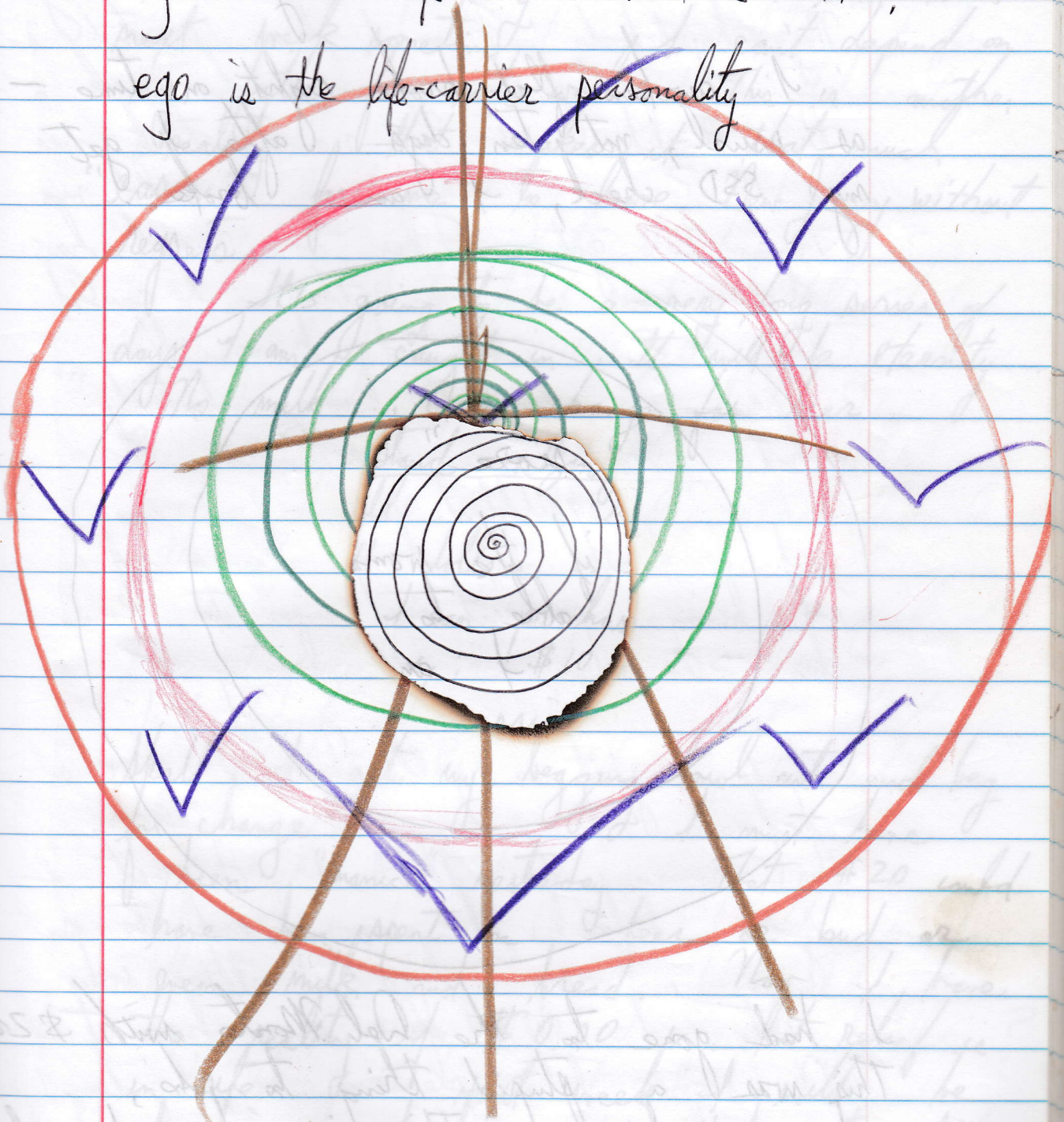
By using this "eviction" as an opportunity to catch up with my nephew in Seattle, I will be detaching from the last "anchor": my Mojo Manuals and my personal library.

All this writing is just "practice" - really - I to find my voice, to validate my soul. Memories of Spalonda will fade, but who I am has been influenced by my encounter with her. I have been honest. I pushed as hard as I could. Now I leave forever never to see her again

II

ego constructs life-world. What is mind?

ego is the life-carrier personality

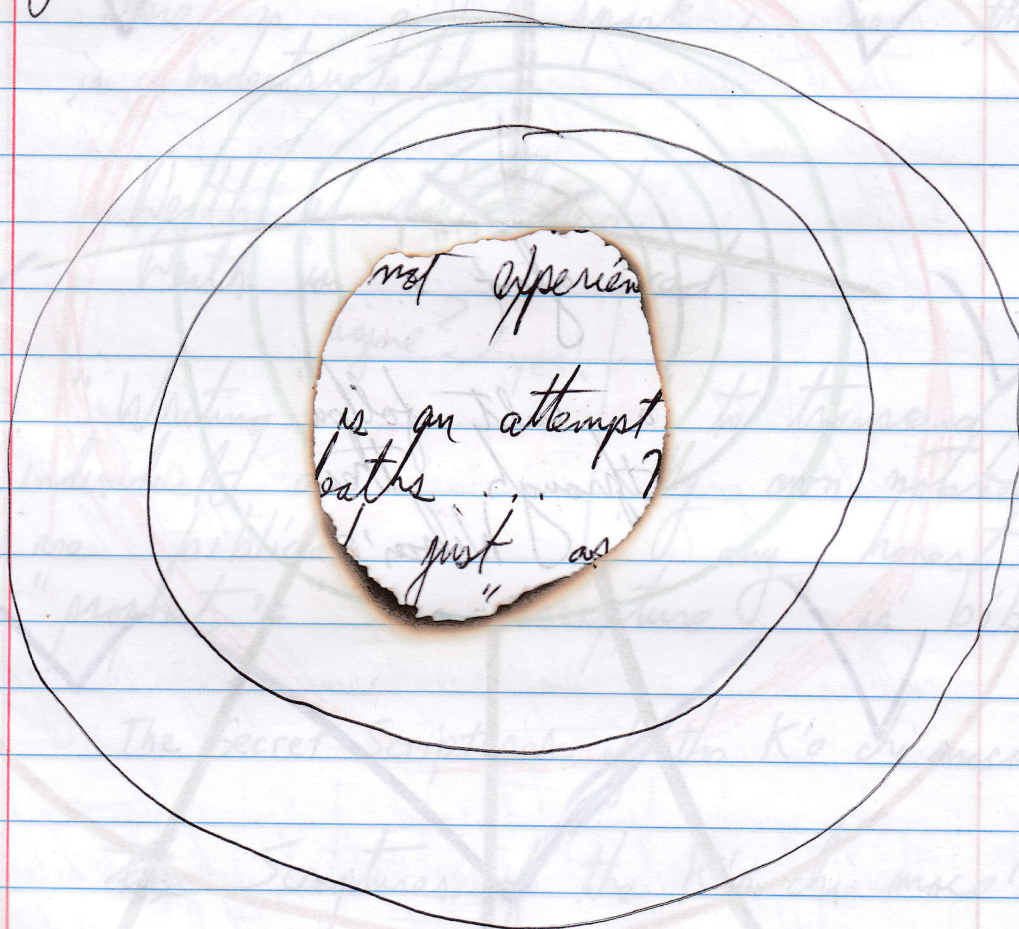


could
a
city?



13 November 2008 Thursday

I awoken flat broke right on time -
as usual, not ten days after I get
my SSD check, I am broke.



I had gone to the Del Monte with \$20.
This was a stupid thing to do,
I was drunk. This is where I would
be heading if I stayed in this area:
It is a SIGN that my leaving is a good move.

V. session: In H₁₀₈ (SS₈), on page 186, I note some qualities my own lived life shares with the life of AH:

- moods alternated between abstracted preoccupation and excited talk.
- was a poor-wretch, often half-starved, without a family, without a job, and even without a home.
- a sense of his "superiority" as an individual (he fancied himself a leader).

Now, Deleuze/Guattari → [More than pity, it is madness and its innocence which that disturb us. Those who refuse to be pedipalized in one form or another are handled by the "asylum" and the police!

Psychoanalysis has the police on its side. "Crisis Control" is a euphemism for the violent repression of those who disturb the smooth functioning of this systematic repression itself.

The doctors are the high priests. The police are the Knights of the empire. All politics is local,]

121
Oedipus is like God; the father is like God, the problem is not resolved until we do away with both the problem and the solution.

[The aim of schizoanalysis is to deoedipalize the unconscious in order to reach those regions of the "orphan unconscious" beyond all law, where the problem of Oedipus can no longer even be raised.

Nietzsche's "Death of God" makes no difference to the unconscious.

In Fascism, the middle class is turned against the poor masses (80%) → (15%)

The bushman (natural man) is the paranoiac. Primitive shamanic cures are schizoanalysis in action. Am I a hunter in a farmer's world? The Farmer's world requires dull-witted compliant citizens. A Hunter's world requires impulsivity and living day to day in the NOW.

library work → link to Don Miguel Ruiz on the domestication of human beings.

→ Foucault calls for the destruction of the subject and sees this as a key political tactic. Subjectivity is nothing but a construct of domination. Theory is by nature opposed to power.

The target is not to become what we are, but to refuse what we are.

→ Power colonizes the body itself

→ There is no locus of Refusal, no soul of revolt, no pure land of the revolutionary.

Instead, there is a plurality of Resistances.

→ "radical dissolution of the fascist egoic structures that one is brought up to experience oneself in."

→ Changing one's everyday existence becomes a political act with potentially radical consequences.

→ Schopenhauer terrified Nietzsche!
(a revelation)

→ the Sioux called the white people WASICHUS -
"people who take" - The Takers!

Basically Plan C would be "Habeas" and suicide. I would continue to study a tight library of about 30 texts and go through my notes.

When I - IF I - get to Seattle and end up in my own apartment, I will have no bed, no computer, no desk. I don't care. I'll sleep in a tent on the floor.

I might miss my mother and worry about her, but I was born alone and I will die alone. Nobody will really notice. I may secretly look forward to my death - which is why I will be bringing Cioran's texts as well: to prepare my mind for death.

One thing I really look forward to should I make it to Seattle is experimenting with hallucinogens and psychedelics: mushrooms (magic) DMT, LSD. I will cure myself of alcoholism.

At this point, I really have to wait to see what transpires behind the scenes between the State of New Jersey and the State of Washington.

Why would I even want to attempt to publish a book knowing how vulgar most people's sentiments are? Obviously I have invited hostility upon myself by refusing to pay deference to the consumer society. All that is left for me to do is mock it.

I would not want to publish my writings because I don't write for others. I write so as to deepen my understanding of life - and to even entertain myself. If anyone else is able to reap enjoyment or instruction from what I write, then this is some kind of cosmic consequence to my Being.

For the most part, I write to keep track, to explore, to construct, to strengthen. I have great respect for my own ability to see things as they are. Like William Blake, I will not be intimidated by goat sheeps. They just piss me off.

I may decide to leave my Matavan diaries
(RADICAL PHENOMENOLOGICAL PSYCHOANALYSIS)
in New Jersey until some later time ... or for
good. I actually would rather just
let go of my memories of unrequited
love. It's too fucking nauseating.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

Mine is a deliberate terrific refusal to
respond to anything but the deepest,
highest, richest, & answer to the as yet
unknown demand of some waiting void
within: a total STRIKE, or
REJECTION of the offered terms of life.

As a result of this refusal, some
power of transformation may carry the
problem to a plane of new magnitudes
where it may be suddenly and
finally resolved.

[There are hidden secret (occult) forces
within psyche/soul/Being, but such forces
are not revealed unless required.
Willed introversion drives the psychic energies
into the depths of the unconscious.]

#

In closing I not merely #125 but the series of notebooks I've kept since 1987 - I want to record a note from the end of H # 93 (RPP #3), as I will be leaving it in Jersey:

This woman, Randi, had bought me 2 beers at the bar, then an entire 12 pack. We had gone back to my apartment. While fooling around in bed, she told me that she remembered me from the "CPC meetings in Red Bank".

She said that everyone there (at CPC) thought I was some kind of "Ted Kaczinski", and that she would have never approached me in a sexual way because she felt intimidated by my intellect. Gail had told me she was attracted to my brain - that my brain made me "sexy".

I have no doubt in my mind that Thalanda was surely intimidated by my intellect.
IS THIS SOME KIND OF PROTECTIVE-MECHANISM?